


WASHiNGTOH

VOL III N° 10 - EARLY OCTOBER
1522 CONN. AVE. WASH. D.C. '69

20¢
IN
25¢ OUT

FREEPRESS



Letter

It seems a pity that rock, the music that is supposed to represent us, is in the hands of (excuse the expression) bourgeoisie pigs. A prime example of this crass money-grabbing is the WHO. I have been lead, just like everyone else into the whole stupid "He's my idol" thing and drooled over Peter Townsend's pyromaniacs. But gradually I realized that the whole thing was a terrific, gigantic demonstration of celebrity arrogance and mass hypnotism. Others have done work as good as and superior to The WHO's and retained their touch with the audience. But at Woodstock I was appalled to witness Peter Townsend's KICKING of a guy who had rushed the stage. Crypto-Nazi in mod clothes. The guy had an emergency on his hands: friends and other kids were being busted and needed bail urgently. Instead of responding to the guy's distress, Townsend acted like a fucking Chicago cop. Incidents like this one have happened again and again. Stage sadism may be theatrically effective, but it is not intelligent, humane, or revolutionary. It is merely cruel, and cruel in a pathetically banal way. False

washington free press

early october

messiahs need to be overthrown, for they have a way of getting in the way of what the revolution is all about. Crash the WHO concert. Hurt Decca's advertising department. Stop being pawns to an inflated ego and Madison Avenue hard-sell tactics. Fuck the WHO. WHO? YOU!

Sincerely yours
in Christ,
Post Ovaries,
Disorporated



Yes, this is
Vol. III,
No. 10,
late-again
September
- early
October. The
WASHINGTON FREE
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Washington, DC.



FOOD CO-OP

The food co-op will save us money-- if we buy through it. Volume ordering directly from wholesalers cuts the cost of buying staple foods-- meat, bread, cheese, vegetables, and fruit. Food freaks do your shopping for you-- all you have to do is pay in advance. Order and pay for food on Tuesday at 1704 Q St. between 4 and 9. Pick up food at same address on Thursday at same times.

The Food Co-Op Order Sheet

MEAT

ground beef 67¢ lb
T-bone steak 1.19 lb

DAIRY

eggs (med) 51¢/doz
margarine 20¢/lb
cream cheese 62¢/lb
munster 70¢/lb

Pineapples 40¢@
Sylvania 75watt
12 for \$1.75

CANNED GOODS

Chili concanned 6lb 12oz can \$2.75
Mexican Hominy 6lb 5oz can 75¢
Longcut greenbeans 6lb 7oz can 95¢

BAKERY

cracked wheat 16¢ 10¢
pumpernickel 16¢
white 16¢
sandwich white 16¢
toasting white 16¢

VEGETABLES

rice (white) 21¢/lb
cauliflower 56¢/head
lettuce 18¢/head
onions 8¢/lb



The Free Clinic, located in the basement of the Georgetown Lutheran Church on Wisconsin Ave. between "P" and "Q" Streets, is open five days a week from 8:00 to 11:00PM Monday through Friday. It is a well equipped clinic set up to help our community. They urgently need:

People with cars to take lab samples to be tested during the day.

People to clean up during the week (every night).

Secretaries to answer the phone, type, and do administrative work.

Money to expand and improve present facilities.

All those willing to work should call Carol Clarke (387-8054 eve.), Alex Foxe (234-6699), or the Free Clinic (965-5476).

SHEE-KA-CO

For all you mass action freaks, here's the dope on what's shaping up:

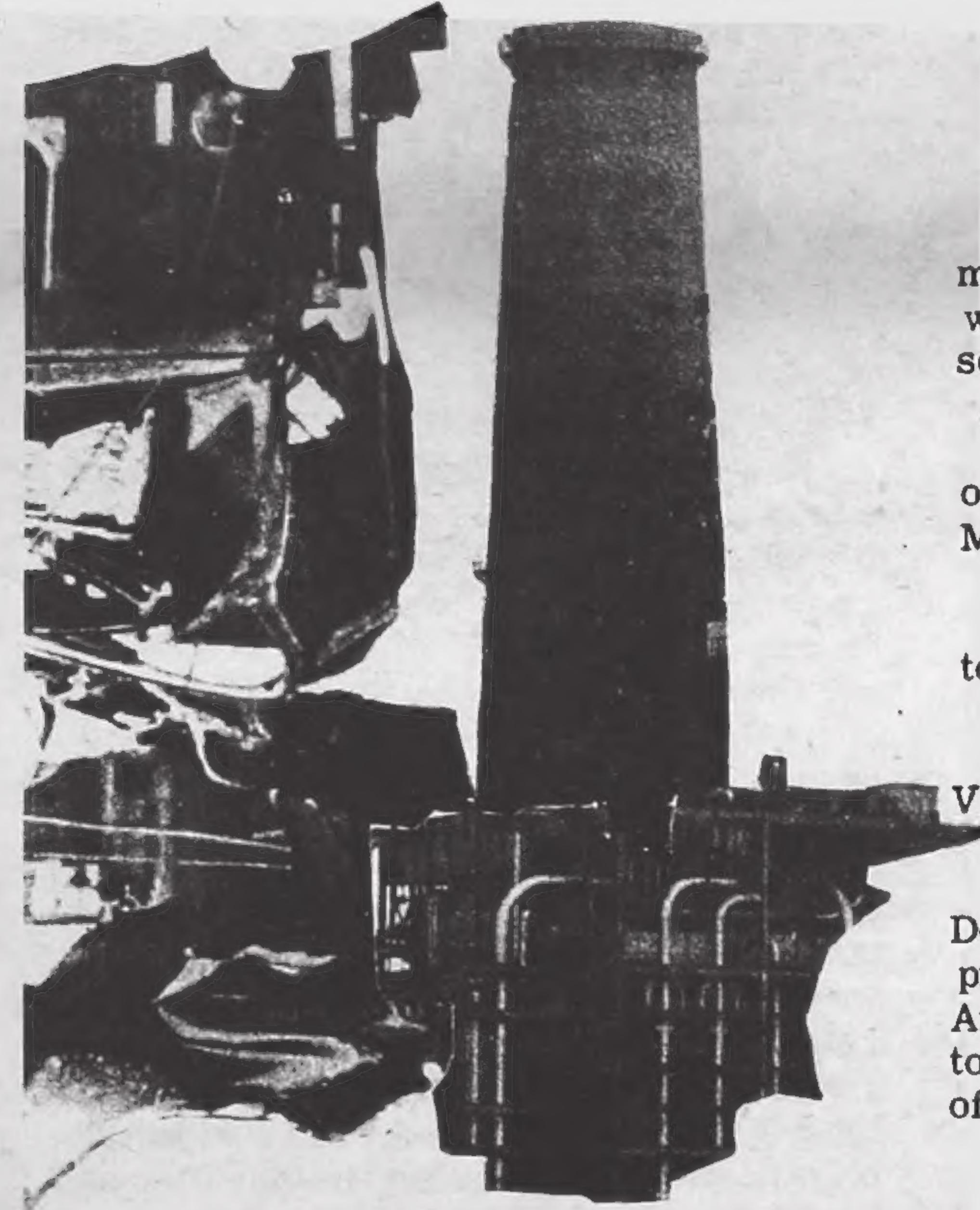
Chicago, Oct. 8-11: Travel light, but go prepared. If you take a car, don't plan on using it until you leave -- park it faraway from action areas. Street medicine: a small first-aid shoulder kit may come in handy. Include gauze, tape, iodine (or other antiseptic), and boric acid. Bring a sleeping bag, and find a place to stash it by day; a small canteen is useful.

Tear gas and mace: wet pieces of cloth or hankerchiefs should be used to cover nose and mouth during a gas attack. If you are gassed, don't touch your eyes or skin. Immediately wash eyes directly with boric acid in solution or water. (Japanese students prepare for gas by wearing a surgical mask with wet gauze, which is recommended.)

Take a dependable flashlight that will fit into your back pants pocket and that won't break under the heaviest use. Don't carry blunt weapons, like sticks, around; they're a bust, and there will be plenty of such items in the streets. It is wise to carry a short-bladed jack knife (pocket knife). A hard-hat is also good, but may single you out in a crowd situation.

Long hairs: tie it back. Earrings or anything that could hurt if pulled should not be worn.

Wear heavy shoes. Take warm clothes with you; however when running or



Cyclamate is the name of the most widely used artificial sweetener (plastic sugar) in the US. Now after it has been in use for many years the safety of the drug is being questioned by the Food and Drug Administration.

Four scientists have reported that in tests on rats a chemical related to the cyclamates produced breaks in the chromosomes in cells that form sperm and in bone marrow cells.

Marvin S. Legator, chief of the cell biology branch of the FDA's research lab, said, "We've shown that the heavier the dose, the greater the number of breaks. So far this hasn't even been shown in LSD studies over which most of the 'chromosome-break' arguments are being waged."

Scientists aren't certain what the effects of broken chromosomes really are but some worry they may lead to cell mutations and eventually to birth defects.

Over 17 million pounds of cyclamates were used in the US last year -- much of it diet soft drinks.

fighting they get in the way and will make you very hot (they contain the heat).

Carry ID and draft card (its a federal bust not to if you're caught), but under NO circumstances should you carry address book, telephone numbers (memorize any numbers you think you may need), or anything that the pigs ought not see.

If you can arrange for bail money (there will be people to leave it with), or a lawyer, it will take a load off the over-taxed Chicago bail funds and lawyers.

Be wary, as always, with your stash.

Chicago is real uptight, and the pigs may bust you for the slightest infraction of the law. Be cool. Never talk to pigs, even during an arrest. If you're 18 years or under: curfew is 10:30 (11 on Fri and Sat), so be extra cool.

When you get to Chicago, you may become confused -- there are many actions planned by the feuding SDS factions, often running concurrently. The Weatherman faction tends towards what they call "mobile street actions". The other faction, Revolutionary Youth Movement II is working with the Panthers and Lords, and is talking about "disciplined mass march and rallies." Get a good idea of specific actions, who planned them, how, why, before you join up with them. And don't join up with no radicals who talk like pigs.

RYM II Movement Center: Church of Holy Covenant, 925 Diversity Pkwy; 348-2246 or 348-8578. Weatherman: 642-3015

Oct. 15: A national strike - community education drive. Don't go to work. Organize to close down your school. Call 347-4757.

Chicago, Oct 25: Actions in support of the Conspiracy-8 sponsored by New MOBE (737-8600, or 9500).

Nov. 8-15: Local activity nationally to help mobilize for Nov 15 (New MOBE).

Nov. 13-14: Possible dates for Nov Vietnam Moratorium (like Oct 15).

Wash DC, Nov 14-15: Memorial Death March. Begins midnight, Nov 13, proceeding in "solemn single file" from Arlington Cemetery past White House to Capitol. It will continue through a.m. of Nov 15.

Wash DC, Nov 15: Mass march and rally (also in San Francisco). Assemble on Mall between 3rd and 6th NW from 9 am. March starts at 11, down Penn. Ave, past White House to Ellipse, where rally begins at 2. For more info call New Mobe.

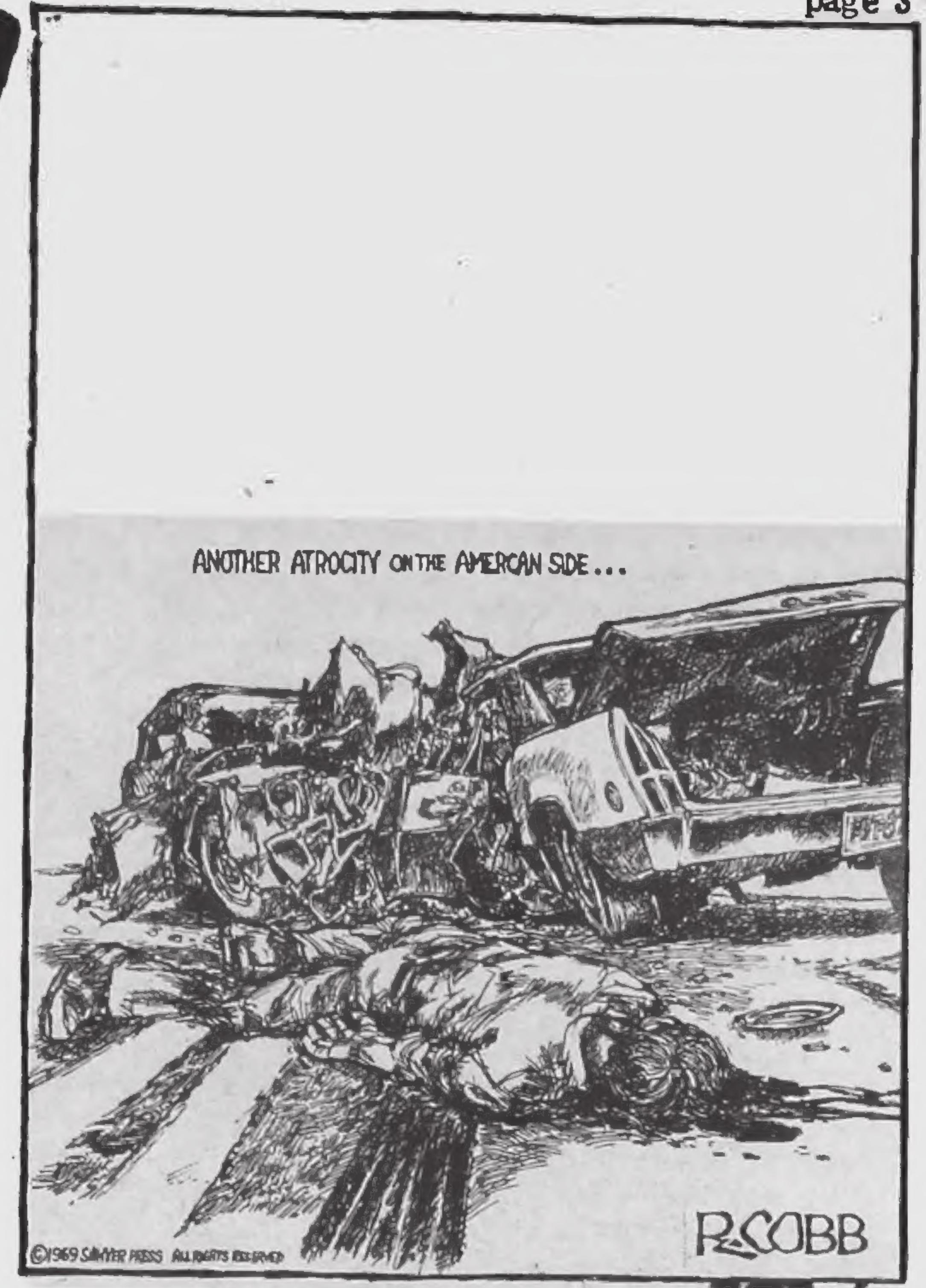
Nov 16: There may be more actions.

Rev. Harvey Cox, a Harvard theologian said, "We have enough problems persuading young people to become interested in religion without having Nixon support it." He was speaking of Nixon's White House church services.

...A FURTIVE FIGURE PEERS FROM THE FOLIAGE...



WELL IT'S
ANOTHER
SCHOOL YEAR



ANOTHER ATROCITY ON THE AMERICAN SIDE...

PHAR

Senator Stephen Young of Ohio was defeated for office in his last election. He explained to the Senate that he was in dire financial straits. The Senate commissioned him to make an investigation of the Paiute Indians in Utah.

For a whole year, he didn't file a single word. The Senate then told him to end his investigation and file a report. After getting his final check, the senator mailed his report. It read "Paiute Indians have no manners and their habits are abominable."

PHUCKIN

The person who is going to travel in foreign countries with dope should never be seen by the source of the dope. Have a partner cop. Certain countries have customs regulations which allow informers to receive a large portion of the fines imposed for contraband offenses, often up to 80% of the fines.

OUT

At a demonstration in Montreal the pigs began busting heads. A young woman stepped out of a side street and blasted two of them, offing one and wounding another. She got clean away, and is alive and well and organizing her ass off.



DARING

DRUG EXPOS

The United States' "Operation Intercept" has gotten off to a flying start, listing at a 30 degree angle. The Operation, an attempt on the part of pig Nixon to stop the dope coming into the U.S. from Mexico involves an intensive monitoring of all movement from Mexico to the U.S. over the 2,500 mile border.

The pigs are using pursuit planes, torpedo boats, and the Navy and Coast Guard. In Los Angeles, pigs said that they had stepped up the board and search operations on all ships from Mexico as they entered harbors in the U.S. on the Pacific and in the Gulf of Mexico. In a 10 1/2 hour period over the first two days of operation, the pigs reported that they had checked 70 private planes and 30 commercial flights. At Tijuana, pigs reported that they had searched 418,161 people with no busts, over the period. Virtually everyone, they said, received a two-minute search, while many others received a half hour search. Over the entire period, the pigs reported 7 people busted over the whole border.

"Side effects" of the operation, as reported by the pig press, went as such:

- Tourists trying to return from weekend visits reported 6 hr. delays while trying to cross the border. Many vowed never to return.

- Business and shopping centers on the U.S. side that rely on a Mexican clientele reported business at a standstill.

- Mexican border cities tourist trade dropped 50%.

- Businesses in border cities were greatly inconvenienced when Mexicans with permits to work in the U.S. were delayed up to 3 hrs. in getting to work.

As a result of the "difficulties", a Mexican government spokesman reported that the Mexican Foreign Minister would meet with the Secretary of State. The meeting was arranged at the request of the Mexican president.

Another effect of "Operation Intercept" has been to bring anti-U.S. feelings to the front in Mexico, with the biggest daily papers in Mexico emphasizing an anti-U.S. theme. In the Chamber of Deputies, representatives of all parties protested against the operation as a program that damages the dignity of Mexicans and constitutes an unfriendly act." One deputy was reported to have said that "An entire nation cannot be drug peddlers any more than the entire U.S. population can all be drug addicts."

Protest against U.S. action came also when Mexican government revealed that their consul-general in El Paso, Texas was violently searched before he had a chance to show the pigs his diplomatic passport.



Tijuana, Mexico - Mexican businessmen say that they believe a more serious problem than grass is being posed by the export of American speed into Mexico, where it is available without a prescription in Mexican drugstores. The businessmen feel that the U.S. gov't should prohibit its export.



State narc Phil Staab was sent to the University of Illinois, Urbana campus, where he was to pose as a student and become friendly with any "likely to be marijuana users."

Last Friday, during the first week of school, Staab spent the day trying to shake a group of students who followed him wherever he went calling "narc" until he left the campus.

He was spotted again in The Wigwam a local bar, trying to make some deals. Again he was recognized and split through a crowd of angry students who pursued him. He ran into the street where he was hit by a car.

Later, according to Staab, he was fired by the state bureau, no reason being given. Too bad.

The Lebanese government is pressing harder to eliminate the Hash industry now a "major problem" in Lebanon. The gov't says that they hope to have the growing of grass eliminated entirely next year, relying entirely on an economic war, in which they offer subsidies to farmers in the growing of sun-flowers, who would otherwise be growing grass.

The details of the program are as follows: In 1966, the Lebanese Ministry of Agriculture began to offer 22¢ per kilo on sunflowers during a time which they claim farmers could only get 11¢ per kilo of Hash. In addition, the Ministry provides free seeds for the farmers. There is only one officially acknowledged problem in the program - The Lebanese government loses 8-9¢ per kilo of sunflowers, despite the fact that sunflowers make excellent oil. To counter this, they have asked the U.N. to lend financial support to build things like a factory to convert sunflower leaves into fodder. Apparently, they will get the support, for countries like the U.S., who wish to stop the growing of grass, will eagerly lend their support to the program.

Despite this one problem in the program, the Ministry of Agriculture seems to be successful in their campaign. They give figures of 10,500 acres of land being turned from grass farming to sunflower seed production since 1966 when the whole thing started. If they have their way, they will have 4,500 more acres converted by 1970 - and they believe that when 15,000 acres have been converted, that the "problem" will be licked.

Grass has long been illegal in Lebanon - ever since the U.S. made the dope scene. Nevertheless, grass thrives in the Bekaa Valley, and fields stretch for miles. Apparently, the only time the government has burned the fields was in the mid-50's, during an anti-drug drive. From now on, however, things will probably get more upright all over the world, a result of U.S. politicking against dope. There will probably be quite a few problems with field burning though, since Arabs have been smoking dope for a long time and are not likely to relinquish the pleasure.

Another fact which the Lebanese government doesn't seem to realize is that farmers will switch back to growing grass when demand for Hash will boost the market prices. The way out for the Lebanese Gov't is to raise the amount of money they give farmers per key of sunflowers. It promises to be a long race.

Whites are fighting blacks in the high schools. That's not cool, brother, not cool at all. The life-force inside of us makes us fight when we are angry, when we are oppressed, when we are disgusted. Unfortunately, we generally fight whomever we are told to fight. We have two alternatives to this. We can refuse to fight, and the pressure on us will easily increase. Or we can pull back, recognize who is telling us this bullshit, and beat the crap out of him. Vamp on him, brothers!

It's a question of courage. Are we going to fight black people when it's 4 to 1? Or are we going to fight the people who really are holding it over us? There is no man who can prove to me that blacks getting their shit together is going to hurt us in any way. Can you tell me

washington free press



that it's blacks who run the schools that give you a record of your fuck-ups that follows you for the rest of your life? Blacks don't pay you shit wages for hard work. Blacks don't make the laws that rob everybody under 21 of their legal rights as human beings. And who made up the lies about Southern white men and women? There would be no "razorbacks" and "red-necks" if there were no businessmen to keep the "red-necks" poor. What is a high school but a factory? And what are you but products? Ask a Civics teacher what school is for and she/he will tell you that it exists to make you a "good citizen." Teachers think it is good for you to work your ass off for the rest of your life just to make someone else rich.

Blacks not only have the same machine to go through, they also have been made into false enemies for us to fight. So long as you are kept fighting them you will never have a chance to really win what you want. So long as you are afraid for your job because you know that black people will work for less, then you will never fight for what you have truly earned. Don't look down the economic ladder. Look up! That's where the money is. And if you and all those who are in the same boat stand together you can take it all.

The other guy just isn't going to disappear just because you are fighting him. He is fighting for his shit too, and you are not his true enemy either! Making war upon each other only plays into the hands of the rich.

Stand up with your brother! Fight the system. You really can't make it so long as anyone has less than you. Expose the lies together. The man who has been cheated the most can see the lies the best:

Working class kids can see the lies better than most middle-class kids, and blacks can see more lies in the system and its texts than anybody.

Remember, when blacks are moving up it can do you no harm. They will only expose the truth, and the truth can only help the cause. Force your teachers to stop lying. Force your school to set you free. Force yourselves to be free.

Fight! Where it's most dangerous and courageous! Fighting each other is easy shit, baby. And we have got to get beyond that to the heavy life.

early october

In Ridgeville, S. C. Pigs busted 11 parents who were trying to register their children at an elementary school where they had been allowed to register them last week.

A federal judge had required that the 15 Indian children be accepted at the school this fall, but the local school board, bowing to community pressure, reversed the decision and voted not to accept the Indians.

The parents were busted for a Carolina law, "disturbance of the school." Bond was set at \$100. each.

BEAT ON IT

HOTCHA

At least 325 Bay Area High School students went to Safeway instead of classes Tuesday to protest the stores handling of scab grapes and over 125 got suspended for this action.

Some Yorktown High School kids are doin' it.

Paul L. Martin of the 3600 block of N. Glebe Rd. addressed the county school board, urging more conservative controls over student behavior. The following night his house was broken into, and two guns were stolen.

Outasight, baby!

Black students at Asheville High School in North Carolina walked out of school after the principal refused to discuss their demands for black teachers and black history. When 200 refused his order to return the pigs were called. Students met them with rocks and bottles and overturned one of the pig cars.

Groups of angry Harlem citizens fought police with rocks and bottles last week, as the pigs evicted squatters from the proposed site of a state office building and then arrested them. The office building, which will cost \$28 mill., is being put up in an area that desperately needs low-cost housing for its people.

BOMBERS SAY:

AS RICHARD NIXON WAS TALKING "PEACE" AT THE U.N. ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, AND HIS MASTERS OF WAR WERE RELENTLESSLY DEALING OUT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, A TIME BOMB WAS PLACED IN THE FEDERAL BUILDING AT 26 FEDERAL PLAZA, IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE SPECIFIC TARGETS OF THIS ACTION WERE THE DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY LOCATED ON THE 40th FLOOR (WHICH ALSO HOUSES THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE) AND THE SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM, LOCATED DIRECTLY BELOW THE ARMY OFFICE.

AS IN PREVIOUS BOMBINGS, A WARNING WAS PHONED TO THE BUILDING'S SECURITY NUMBER, THE POLICE BOMB SQUAD AND THE POLICE EMERGENCY NUMBER IN AMPLE TIME TO CLEAR THE BUILDING. ALTHOUGH THE POLICE BOMB SQUAD DID NOT RESPOND, THERE WERE NO INJURIES TO PERSONNEL WHEN THE BOMB EXPLODED ON SCHEDULE AT 2 A.M.

THIS WAS AN ACT OF SOLIDARITY WITH OUR BROTHER AND SISTER REVOLUTIONARIES ALL OVER THE WORLD AND WITH THE BLACK AND BROWN COMMUNITIES IN THIS COUNTRY WHO ARE FIGHTING TO RID THE WORLD OF AMERICAN DOMINATION AND EXPLOITATION.

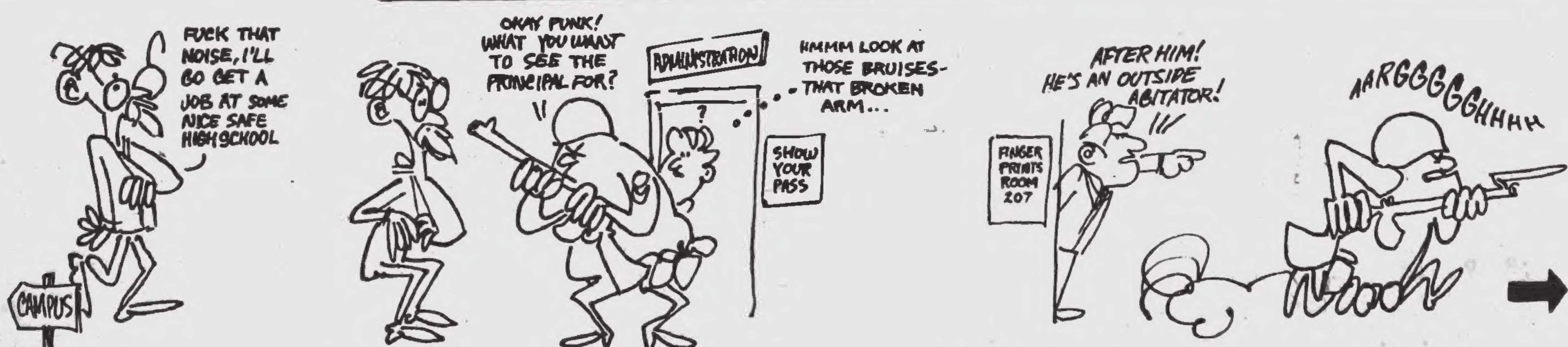
Pigs busted 142 black high school students following a protest march to the all-white Clarksdale High School.

The demonstration began after 88 black students were denied admission to the school for the second time in two days.

Students gathered at a church and

marched a mile to the school where they were met by Pig Chief Billy White and his pigs armed with clubs. After they were told they could not be admitted because they happened to live outside the school district, they were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct and trespassing.

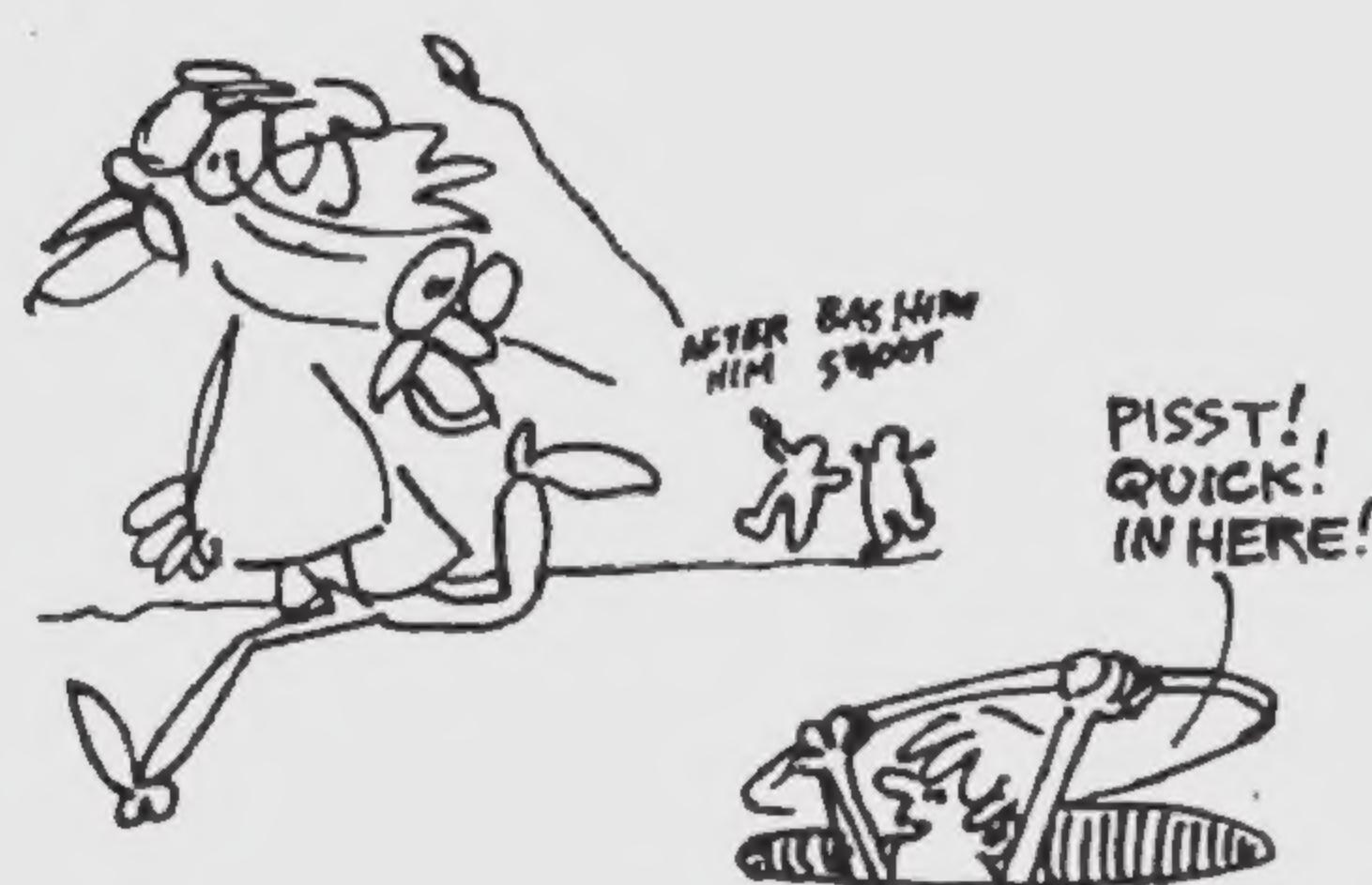
DISTRIBUTE
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AT YOUR
HIGH SCHOOL
483-6222



KIDNAPPED



BOBBY SEALE



FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS

CONTINUED

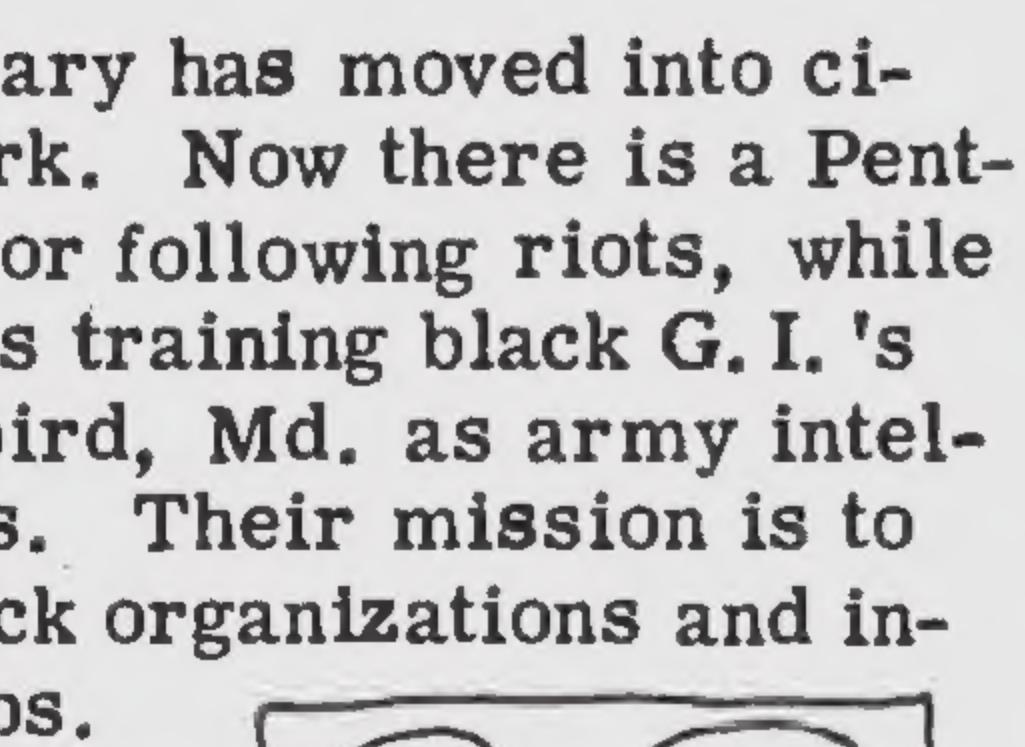
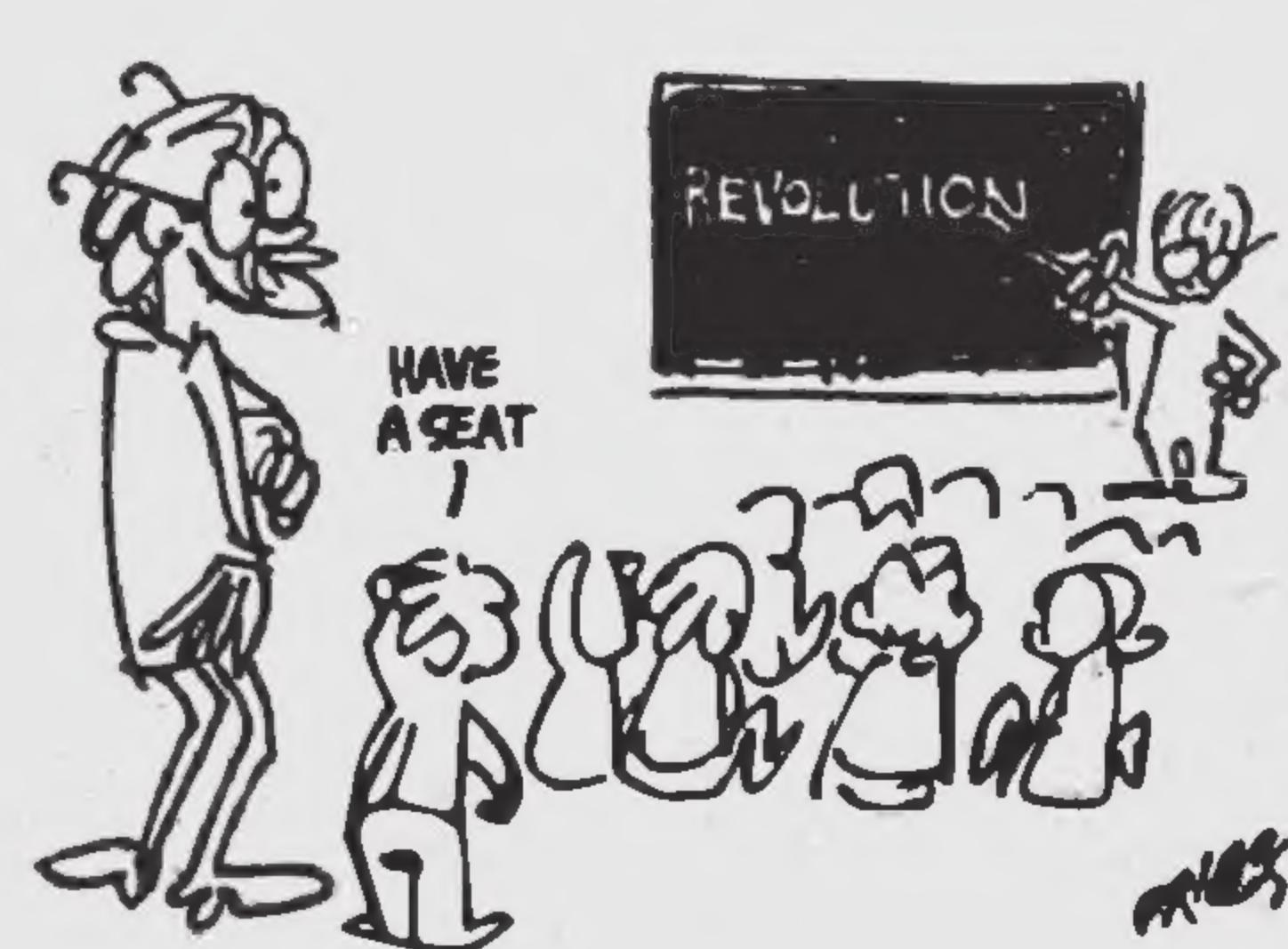
CONSPIRACY CAPERS from page 7....

had to go underground to escape the arrests. That same day, white construction workers fought with a few blacks who were pushing for a fair share of jobs in the construction industry. The white workers believed that the inclusion of more blacks in the industry threatens their jobs. Management uses this fear of black workers to keep the whites working low wages, always claiming that there are plenty of blacks who will take their jobs for less pay. This is true enough, but it is not the blacks who keep the number of jobs so low, nor is it the blacks who make more profits when the wages are low. And so white workers, led by their management based union, fought black workers and the police broke it up.

During the next two days the police used the hiding SDS leadership as a pretext for breaking into every house they could. So the rest of the people with warrants out on them gave themselves up on Friday in order to come out of hiding, get out on bail, and continue working and organizing without the police always breaking down their doors.

Now the pigs have tried to frame the Panthers with phony threatening letters to the jury. No one will be impressed. The Panthers are much too cool to ever leave any evidence of a threat.

But the theatre continues, Magoo presiding.



Two black marines imprisoned in 1967 for "urging fellow marines to present their gripes about the war to the camp . C.O." were released pending an appeal. The pigs released the brothers from the Naval Disciplinary Barracks in Portsmouth, N. H. last week after being confined 2 years of their 6 to 8 year sentences.

I occasionally expect the government to behave like the clever, insidious, and malevolent establishment it is. I thought that the Federal boys would try to hang the Chicago Conspiracy 8 as quickly and clearly as they possibly could. Instead they seem as anxious as Abbie Hoffman to make the trial a bigger circus than the Democratic Convention was. They are also doing a far better job of it than Abbie ever could.

Perhaps nothing else is possible in Chicago. Nearly all the judges in Illinois, 600 of them, are presently under investigation for their connections with organized crime, and a government report (The Blakey Report) has named the Cook County sheriff as a syndicate executioner. Riding his jackass way out in front of them all is Federal District Judge Julius J. Hoffman, who truly does (no lie, folks) look and act just like Mr. Magoo, "another case of blind justice". He is also a racist pig, but we will come to that part later.

conspiracy CONSPIRACY CONSPIRACY

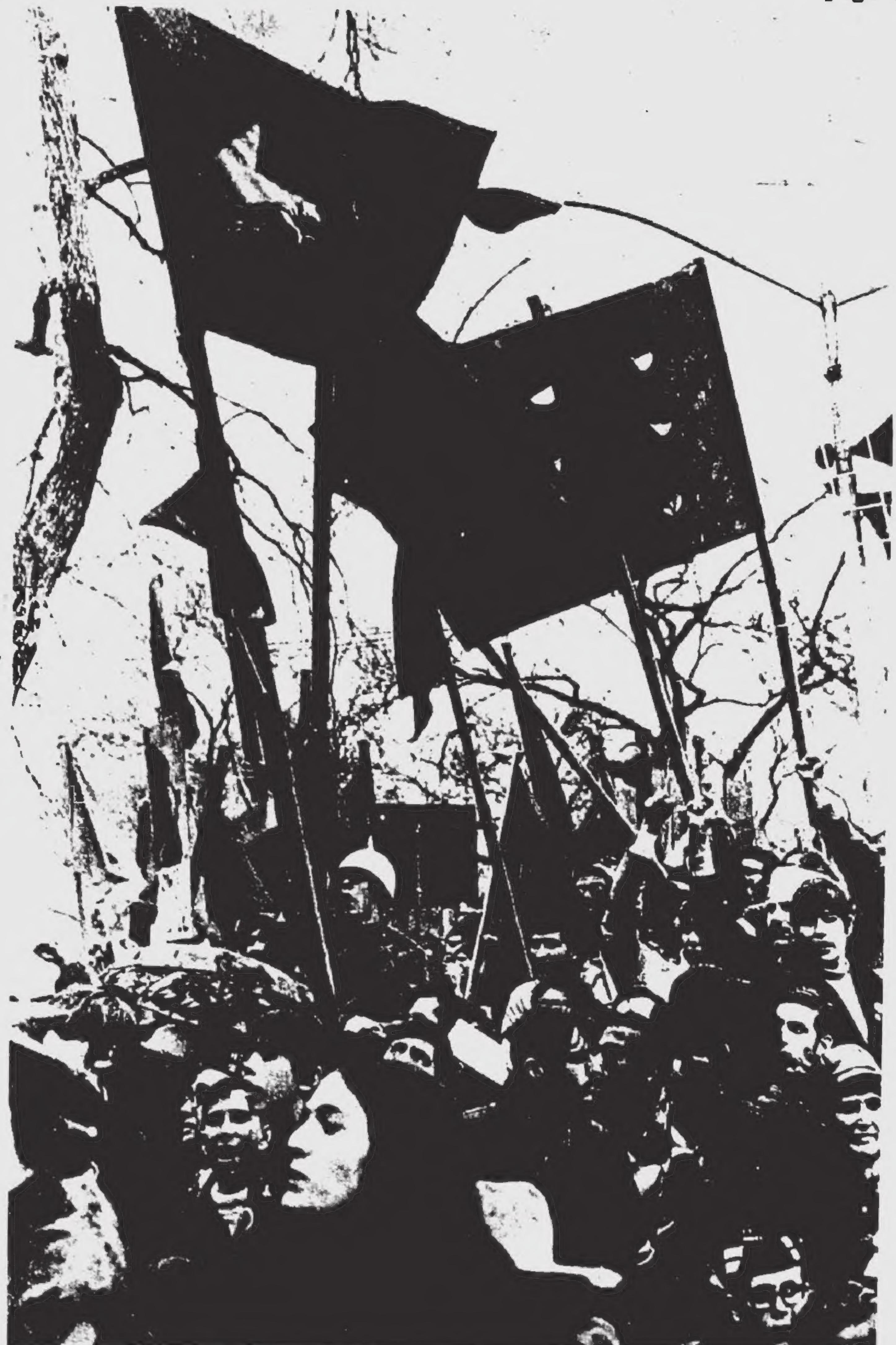
Vested Interests Part I

Hoffman is a substantial owner of the Brunswick Corporation, a "bomb and machine-gun factory". Brunswick Corporation's Technical Products Division, whose home office is in Chicago, is a major producer of an all-terrain military vehicle called "The Army Mule", and also produces weapons systems, aircraft radomes, ordnance components, and military systems engineering. Hoffman, before being judge, was vice president and general counsel of the corporation. And this judge is going to "impartially" try the case of 8 anti-war protesters. Why, if all war ended, the man would be a pauper.

But Magoo can't disqualify himself. The other Federal judges with any stature have been exposed as syndicate members by that same above-mentioned government report.

On Thursday, Sept. 25, the jury was chosen. Hoffman handled the selection himself, as is allowed in Federal proceedings. He refused to allow the attorneys on either side to directly question the prospective jurors. Instead, the attorneys had to submit their questions to him. He then improvised on them, refusing to ask opinions on dissent, long hair, and Janis Joplin.

The jury of the eight Conspirators' peers consists of two black women, eight white women, and two white men. Nearly all are in their fifties. When selecting the jury, one of the



prospective jurors, a black man, was asked if he knew anyone who was connected with the case. He replied that his wife was once employed by prosecuting attorney Thomas Foran.

Mister Magoo peered over his glasses and queried, "Was she employed as a domestic?" The man replied that his wife had been his legal secretary. He was dismissed.

On Friday, Sept. 26, the defendants had requested a postponement of the trial on the grounds that their lawyer, Charles Garry, was seriously ill in California and could not be present in court.

The Sixth Amendment guarantees counsel of one's choice and it is more or less standard procedure to grant postponement in such a case. But Magoo ordered four out of town attorneys to appear in court to defend the Eight, Jerry Lefcourt, Michael Tigar (who defended the GW University students in the on campus disciplinary hearings after the Sino-Soviet building takeover), Michael Kennedy, and Charles Roberts.

The lawyers, who had only helped in pre-trial preparation of the case, refused. Magoo cited them for contempt and issued warrants ordering them to Chicago. Tigar, now a law professor at UCLA, was flown to Chicago in handcuffs. Lefcourt showed up on his own and was held in contempt of court without a hearing. Kennedy and Roberts still had warrants out for them, but they remained untaken while the Chicago courts were forced to retreat on the issue.

When Abbie Hoffman was presented to the jury on Friday, dear Abbie threw them a kiss.

"The jury will disregard the kiss thrown by the defendant," said Magoo solemnly.

Vested Interests Part II

Meanwhile, outside the courts, the people were putting on their own show. On Wednesday the 24th, 5000 people showed up at the Federal Building for a rally in support of the Eight and a Black Panther rally in support of Panther Chairman Bobby Seale, kidnapped from California by federal agents and held incommunicado in the Cook County jail.

After the rallies, some of the black and white people went downstairs and vamped hard on a few empty cop cars. The riot squad came out, and for a change, the people stood and fought them into the ground, wasting at least 12 cops in the battle. Four SDS members and 15 others were busted that day in actions.

Three more were busted at an apartment the next day on warrants, and immediately a number of the SDS leadership —

1700 4999
continued on Page 6, to your immediate left.

TASTY COMIX!

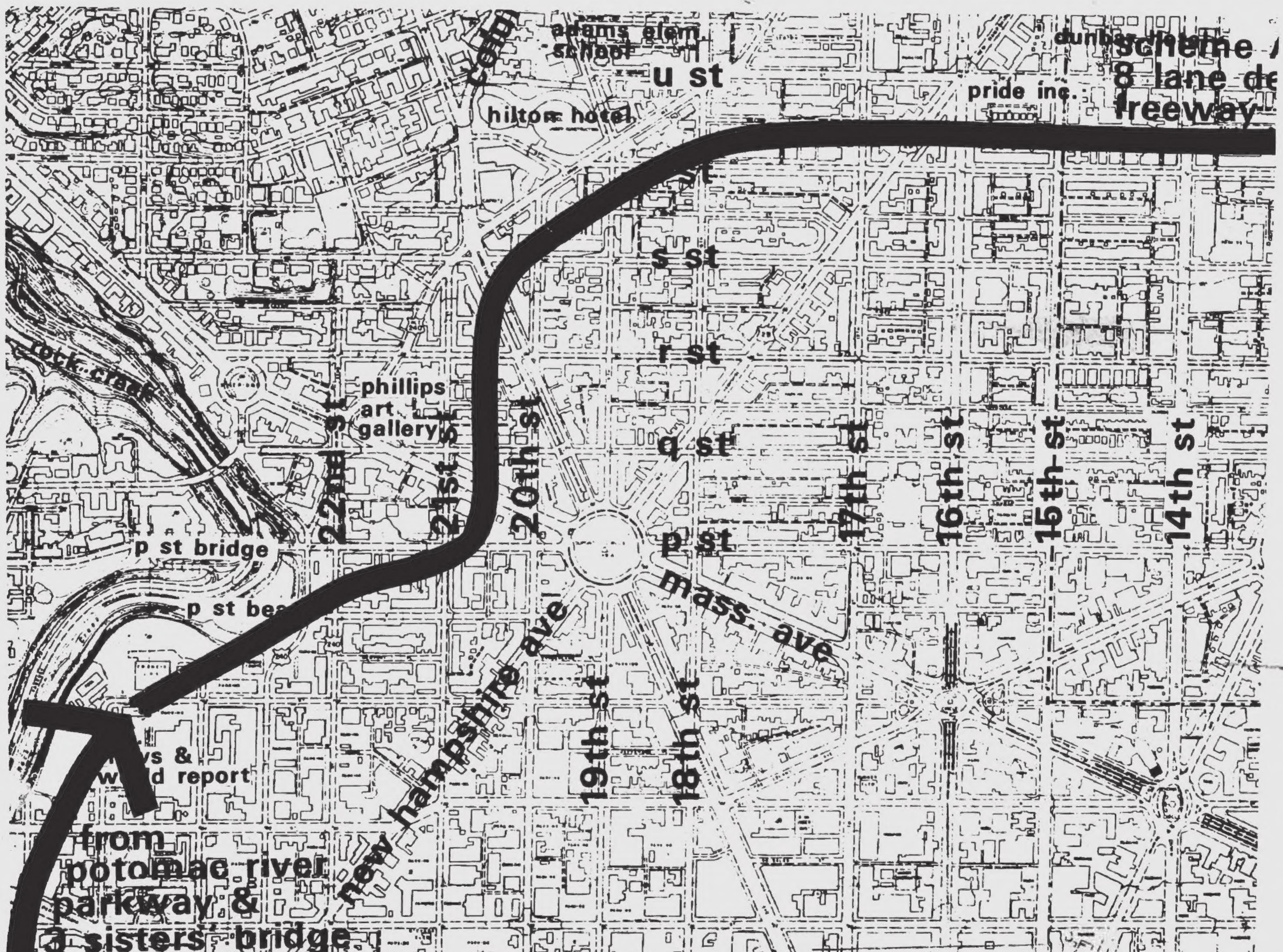
—from The Washington Free Community Artists Coop

AVAILABLE NEAR
you
NOTE
NET PROCEEDS GO TO THE COMMITTEE TO DEFEND THE CONSPIRACY IN CHICAGO

OR
SEND 50¢ TO
TASTY COMIX
1022 CONNECTICUT AVE NW
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

**3-Sisters Bridge
is a link in the
30-mile freeway
system which
would displace
over 25,000
people, mostly Black.**


THIS BLACK COMMUNITY'S BUSINESS' AND HOMES IN PATH OF



Besides destroying the Black business district and splitting the community by this 8-lane ditch, the DC Highway Dept. in 1966 estimated that the NORTH LEG would

- **Destroy 2393 family housing units**

- **Bulldoze 8376 persons out of homes**
- **Wipe out 2110 jobs**
- **Remove 40 acres of taxable land**



FREEWAY

BULL-DOZERS

shaw school
urban renewal
area

7th st
center leg

Congress has blackmailed the people of Washington DC, tying up the much needed pid transit subways in order to push through the freeways. These freeways will make fortunes for the interests of the highway lobby, one of the most powerful influences in the area. The game is called "slum clearance." Thousands of black families will be displaced, the black community will be chopped in two down one of its own throughfares.

The city is doing its best to clear the undesirables out of the northern Dupont Circle area. More high rises are being planned, and eventually the freeway will be an effective racial fence with the ghetto to the north and all the privileged people to the south. Major black community centers and projects will have to be moved, as will a number of schools and theatres. The shaded areas on the upper map are those properties that will be taken by the freeway.

THE FREEWAYS WILL
NOT BE BUILT. WE
WILL NOT LET WHITE
MAN's ROADS DESTROY
OUR COMMUNITY!!!

MURDERS
Last week a man was murdered in Landover, Maryland. He was shot by a policeman. Why? Had he committed some crime? Not recently. Was there any reason for the cop to suspect that he or someone else was in danger? Hardly.

What bothers me most about this that when I first heard that a cop had shot a running unarmed man in the back I was neither surprised or shocked. It didn't even seem unreasonable. Somehow there is this thing about the police. We expect them to shoot people, especially when they are running away. It is remarkable, in fact, that what the cop did would have been illegal in D.C. under a new law.

The man was not under arrest, there was no reason to arrest him- he was being "questioned". He was not armed and there was no reason to suspect that he was in any way dangerous. He was out on bail on a narcotics charge,

however. If we are paying men to legally execute people for the clearly capital crime of refusing to stay around when not under legal restraint of any kind, then it is time to stop payments.

The police understand this better than we do, so they immediately lied, saying that the cop fired warning shots. There are plenty of witnesses who were there and say it isn't so.

There is a standing rule of practice in every major city which says that no cop may patrol in the precinct where he lives. That means nearly all police are effectively occupying armies and hostile troops wherever they operate, except in the rich white neighborhoods where they primarily serve to protect the rich from the "niggers." In fact, that is just about all they ever do anywhere.

MURDERS
FOUL

Mexican Student

October 2nd marks one year since the bloody events of Tlatelolco, which brought desolation and death to hundreds of Mexican homes.

It is worth remembering the antecedents of those deplorable events that have forever stained the history of our country.

The Mexican students of the Autonomous University of Mexico, of the National Polytechnic Institute, or the Teachers College, of the National School of Agriculture, and of the large majority of the universities and institutes of higher education in the country, had called for a general strike as a means of pressuring the government into providing a solution to our demands, which, in essence, can be synthesized as follows:

End the unrestrained repression by the police and the army against the students and the people in general; enforcement of the freedoms hallowed in the Constitution, the Supreme Law of Mexico; freedom for all political prisoners.

These demands were wholly backed by large sectors of our people: teachers, heads of families, workers, employees and peasants; in a few weeks of strikes, we were able to win to our side hundreds of thousands of Mexicans who showed their solidarity with our petitions.

Irrefutable proof of this was the widespread support for our public demonstrations and rallies, the demonstrations of more than 600,000 persons, the University City assemblies, Zacatenco, the Caso of Santo Tomas and Tlatelolco. Our movement was a promising surge of the civic spirit of the Mexican citizenry, crushed by long years of violations of the Constitution and brutal repression against the people.

However, the peoples' cry went unattended; the government remained impenetrable, intransigent, deaf to our petition for a "public dialogue" in which the justice of our demands would be resolved (reconciled) before the people.

From the beginning, we suffered persecutions, threats, arrests, physical aggression against our leaders and against the buildings of various schools.

In proportion to the growth of our movement came the growth of the repressive measures of the government. On the 18th of September (1968), the Army occupied the University City: hundreds of students, teachers and employees were detained and jailed.

In spite of everything, the movement continued to sustain itself. On Oct. 2nd, the National Student Strike Council (CNH) called a rally in the Plaza of the Three Cultures, near the Tlatelolco housing project. Some 150,000 of us, students, teachers, and workers, had gathered. It was one of many informational assemblies on the latest decisions of the CNH.

By surprise, we were surrounded by hundreds of tanks and thousands of soldiers; two army helicopters flew overhead; at the indication of one of them (using a flare), the soldiers opened fire on the unarmed multi-

CRASH!

CRACK!

BLAM! POW!

manifesto

Comite de Lucha, Escuela Nacional de Economia,
Ciudad Universitaria (UNAM), Mexico 20, D.F.

tude. For several hours shots rang from tanks, submachine guns and automatic arms. Hundreds of persons lay on the pavement, while several thousand were put into military vehicles and transported to prison.

Since then, the country has lived under virtual state of siege. More than 200 Mexicans, mainly students, teachers and intellectuals, can be found in prison under the wildest of charges--rebellion, conspiracy, robbery, tumultuous homicide, gathering of arms, etc.; the governmental control of the mass media is absolute; any public act of protest is brutally suppressed; student and democratic leaders who are not in jail are constantly persecuted by the innumerable secret police forces; in short, today Mexico is a country where the laws time-honored in the Constitution are dead words, and the life of its citizens is endangered by the mere fact of attempting to exercise their most basic rights.

University comrades throughout the world: we the Mexican students call on you to give us your widest support and solidarity. Our struggle, today as yesterday, is also yours.

In these times, the government is setting up a monstrous trial against our jailed comrades, pretending with this to set up a warning precedent; whoever dares to oppose or dissent from the government has only two perspectives: the jail or death.

Thus, we ask of you:

a) That you organize for Oct. 2, first anniversary of the Tlatelolco massacre, acts of protest at the Mexican embassies in your countries.

b) That you write or cable the Mexican President, the Supreme Court of Justice or the Chamber of Representatives and Senate, demanding the freedom of all jailed students.

c) That you request your government to exert pressure in the United Nations for the intervention of the Commission for Human Rights, so that it intercede on behalf of the freedom of our comrades.

STUDENTS MASSACRED

Oct. 2 is the anniversary of the massacre in the Plaza of Three Cultures at which Mexican riot police and soldiers in armored cars attacked a peaceful rally, killing at least 200 students and local residents.

This year the repression continues. On Sept. 23 a rally of 2000 students commemorating the police attack on Santo Tomas Polytechnic School, in which the authorities admitted killing 15 and which led to the Oct. 2 rally, was vamped on. Riot police in plainclothes, tried to infiltrate the rally. A fight developed. Then the pigs fired machineguns directly into the crowd, hitting more than 20 students. A television cameraman was shot in the back. Tear gas was liberally used. (A spokesman for the pigs said that no shots had been fired, although he admitted gunshot injuries, and said that the shots could be attributed to fire works.)

But the people are responding. There have been seven bombings of government and news media offices in the past week.

GUERRILLA'S ATTACK

Caetano Pellegrini Giampietro, a prominent Uruguayan banker, publisher, and influential advisor to the president, was kidnapped on Sept. 9 by a group of unidentified persons on his way to work. He is a member of a banker's association that has been trying to crush a strike of Montevideo's \$10,000 bank clerks. The government threatened to end the strike by drafting all the strikers into the army, thus making them subject to court-martial for desertion and failure to obey orders. The military had indicated it may enforce this proposal through a coup d'etat, if the civilian parliament doesn't come through.

The urban-guerilla tactics employed by the kidnappers are characteristic of the Uruguayan revolutionary organization, the Tupamaros. Prior to the bank clerks' strike the Tupamaros had been very successful in staging robberies of banks in Montevideo. The money is used to finance urban and rural guerillas, fighting for a socialist revolution in Uruguay.

I WILL RETURN AND I WILL BE MILLIONS





RIO DE JANEIRO (LNS) -- Brazilian revolutionaries kidnapped the U.S. Ambassador to Brazil, C. Burke Elbrick, freeing him only after Brazil's military dictatorship carried 15 political prisoners to freedom in Mexico and widely published the revolutionaries' political manifesto.

Here is the full text of that manifesto, as transmitted by the Associated Press:

To the Brazilian people:

Revolutionary groups detained Mr. Elbrick today, taking him to some point in the country, where they hold him. This is not an isolated act. It is another one of the innumerable revolutionary acts already carried out: bank holdups, where funds for the revolution are collected, returning what the bankers take from the people and their employees; raids on barracks and police stations, where arms and ammunitions are obtained for the struggle to topple the dictatorship; invasions of jails when revolutionaries are freed to return them to the people's struggle; the explosion of buildings that signify oppression, the execution of hangmen and torturers.

In truth, the kidnap of the ambassador is only one more act of the revolutionary war which advances every day and which this year began its rural guerrilla stage.

With the kidnap of the Ambassador we want to demonstrate that it is possible to defeat the dictatorship and the exploitation if we arm and organize ourselves. We show up where the enemy least expects us and we disappear immediately, tearing out the dictatorship, bringing terror and fear to the exploiters, the hope and certainty of victory to the midst of the exploited.

Mr. Elbrick represents in our country the interests of imperialism, which, allied to the great bosses, the big ranchers and the big national bankers, maintain the regime of oppression and exploitation.

It is the interest of these consortiums to enrich themselves more and more. They have created the wage squeeze, the unjust agrarian situation, the institutionalist repression. Therefore, the abduction of the Ambassador is a clear warning that the Brazilian people will not let them rest and that at every moment it will unleash on them the weight of their struggle. All should know that this is a struggle without truce, a long and hard struggle that does not end by trading one general for another.

But which will end only with the end of the regime of the great exploiters and with the construction of a government which frees the workers of the whole country from the situation they find themselves in.

During independence week there are two celebrations: that of the dictatorship and that of the people, that of those who organize parades and those who kidnap the Ambassador who symbolizes the exploitation.

We are now in independence week. The people and the dictatorship celebrated it in a different way. The dictatorship organizes feasts and parades, sends up fireworks and spreads out posters. With that the dictatorship does not want to celebrate anything; what it wants is to throw sand in the eyes of the exploited.

Establishing a false happiness with the objective of hiding the life of misery, exploitation and repression in which we live. But can you cover the sun with a saucenpan? Can you hide the misery from the people when they feel it in the body?

The life and death of the Ambassador are in the hands of the dictatorship. If it meets the two demands, Mr. Elbrick will be freed. In the other case, we will be forced to carry our revolutionary justice.

The demands are:

A. - The freeing of the 15 political prisoners. They are 15 revolutionaries among the thousands who suffer tortures in prison barracks throughout the country, who are beaten, mistreated and who endure the humiliations imposed by the military.

We are not asking the impossible, we are not demanding the bringing back to life of the numberless combatants assassinated in prison. Those who will not be freed, of course they will be avenged one day.

We demand only the freedom of those 15 men, leaders in the struggle against the dictatorship. Each one of them is worth 100 ambassadors from the people's point of view. But an Ambassador of the United States is also worth the great deal from the point of view of the dictatorship and exploitation.

B. - The publication and the reading of this entire message in the major newspapers, radio and television stations of the whole country.

The 15 political prisoners must be taken by special airplane to a determined country -- Algeria, Chile, or Mexico -- where they can be granted political asylum. No reprisal should be taken against them, or else there will be retaliation.

The dictatorship has 48 hours to answer in public whether it accepts the proposal or not. If the answer is positive, we will release the list of 15 revolutionary leaders and will wait 24 hours for their transfer to a safe country. If the answer is negative, or if no answer is given in the established time period, then we will execute Ambassador Elbrick.

The 15 revolutionary leaders must be released whether they are serving a prison sentence or not. This is an "exceptional situation". And in "exceptional situations" the jurists of the dictatorship always find a way to solve things in their own way, as seen now in the take-over of the Government by the military junta.

We also would like to remind that the deadline cannot be changed and that we will not hesitate to keep our promises.

Finally, we would like to warn all those who torture, beat and kill our comrades, that we will no longer allow this to continue. We are giving our last warning. Whoever remains torturing, spanking and killing our companions, better be ready.

Sears Roebuck & Co., Rio de Janeiro branch, has been robbed of \$2000, then firebombed by Brazilian freedom fighters for the second time this year. This revolutionary action flaunts the new security law which went into effect following the kidnapping of Amerika's ambassador.



A happening, featuring CLAUDE JONES, to raise money for the Nov 15 anti-war march, to be held here in DC. Come to St. Stephen's Church, 16th and Newton, NW, Satr., Oct 18 at 9 pm. Students - \$1; others - \$2.



(Note: This is the last letter we have received from our former correspondent in Addis Ababa, L. N. S., He has since joined the Eritrean Liberation Army.)

Late last March, an Ethiopian Airlines Boeing 707 sitting on ground at Frankfurt, Germany, suddenly exploded into scrap metal. Recently, at Karachi airport, the attack was repeated. Meanwhile, in the dusty desert town of Agordad in Eritrea, Ethiopia's northeastern "province," a boy of 15 was hung in a barren plaza. His crime was "resisting the state."

The rebels in the Eritrean Liberation Front number between 10-20,000, and the war is on. Since 1962, the front has waged a protracted guerrilla war against the central government of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie's Addis Ababa regime. That year, Ethiopia conveniently cancelled the federal status which the United Nations had negotiated for Eritrea at the end of World War II. Eritrea lost its flag, its parliament, and any semblance of independence from Selassie's imperial despotism.

All shops in Eritrea are required to display the Emperor's portrait. Green pullovers are forbidden because green is the national color of Eritrea. Eritrea's native languages, foremost Tigre and Tigrinya, are under ban; and Amharic, the language of Selassie's ruling tribe, is the only official language. In 1962, the Eritrean civil service was virtually liquidated, the Ethiopian military replaced the Eritrean police, and mass arrests by secret police have led to detention camps throughout the countryside, known euphemistically as "fortified hamlets."

What Ethiopia wants is Eritrea's Red Sea ports at Massawa and Assab. It also wants the milk and oil which the cities of Asmara and Assab send south. Haile Selassie also enjoys riding the backs of as many suffering people as pos-

The young fighters in the Eritrean Liberation Army are in a very real sense engaged in combat with U.S. military muscle. For the Empire's playblys (the navy's commodore, Iskender Desta, is a notorious profligate), the \$150 million economic aid which the U.S. supplies amkes life at the expense of the people cushier than anywhere else in Africa.

As early as 1965, an Amerikan helicopter flown by a U. S. Army pilot carried out reconnaissance missions against the guerrillas, and now, an entire infantry division of 8,000 men, trained by the United States, and two squadrons of Amerikan-built T-28 and F-86 warplanes are successfully stamping out guerrilla operations near the Sudanese border.

But what the Amerikans are up against, along with their Ethiopian puppets, is a revolutionary movement organized for people's war. The rebels not only move unmolested through a country-side that a few years back was known chiefly for the barbaric customs of the people and their fi-



erce hostility to outsiders, but local tribesmen welcome, feed, and entertain them. And people in over a third of Eritrea look upon the Liberation Front as their only legitimate functioning government.

Already the front has set up five revolutionary districts in which its own cadre solve the civil disputes of the people. In the western and central regions of Eritrea this is quite visible: Convened under the trees, so to speak, magistrates' courts, town meetings, and mutual aid societies go about their work. And the sheiks around Assab, far to the south on the Red Sea, snubbed the Addis Ababa tax collectors when they showed up recently and made it clear that their tax money had gone to the new government.

In Eritrea's cities, the people lead a dual life. On the surface, they feign adoration for Haile Selassie and undying faith in his rule. But underneath, even most of the Christians, co-religionists with the Coptic rulers in Ababa, sympathize with the Muslim-led front. Religious tensions are certainly one aspect of Eritrea (40% Christian, 40% Muslim, 20% animist) that the CIA hopes will tear apart the liberation struggle, but to an increasing degree in the few years religious fears and anxieties have faded into the background.

Back in the rest of Ethiopia -- the old Abyssinia, which has a different history from annexed Eritrea -- there is a spirit of rebellion as well. Selassie's troops have been forced to shoot on crowds of students and maintain a reign of terror across the country which indicates the explosive resentment of the Ethiopian people.

THE UNKNOWN WAR...

sible to support his obscenely extravagant court (consulates through-out the world, a lavish life for Selassie and the top echelons of the Ethiopian Army, and the highly visible Ethiopian Airlines which belongs to the Empire).

All of Ethiopia is poor and hungry aside from the ruling clique. Only one man in 20 can read and write, and the per capita income is tiny. Medical care is almost non-existent and food is scarce. But Eritrea's 1.6 million people suffer the most of all. Aside from a few industrially developed cities, Eritrea is a place where soil erosion and unreliable rainfall crush barefoot peasants in their struggle for survival.

Even Asmara, Eritrea's capital city, is under seige by the forces of nature. At the moment, the city's water reservoirs are so depleted that a typhoid epidemic is feared, and the children of the poor scamper through the city streets trying to sell the chewing gum they have somehow ripped off the post exchange at Kagnew Station, the big Amerikan military "communications" base near Asmara.

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Amerikan forces are already involved in what the Washington Post calls "the Laos War". There are around 200 Amerikans under the command of the CIA acting in accord with eight special battalions of Laotians and Thais. They have been in battle, and at least one of the Amerikans involved has been killed. Last week the U.S. Air Force strafed battalions of Pathet Lao troops (Laotian freedom fighters) and Vietnamese, leaving "mounds of bodies." The Times reports as many as 500 bombing missions flown daily by B-52s.

Meanwhile, the U.S. Senate adopted legislation designed to prevent U.S. troops from being committed in Laos or Thailand. Some Senators indicated that the vote might be meaningless. And so it seemed. There are already 45,000 U.S. troops in Thailand.

Meanwhile Nixon has said that "there are no Amerikan combat forces in Laos," and Prince Souvanna Phouma has denied that there are either U.S. or Thai forces fighting on his side in the Laos War.

washington free press

the 1962 agreement was destroyed, Amerikan backed Laotian government troops and Amerikan bombers made constant attacks on territory held by the Patriotic Front (like the NLF, an anti-imperialist coalition which includes both communists and nationalists) and conditions within government controlled territory deteriorated drastically (before 1954, Laos exported rice, now they have to import over 60,000 tons a year).

But now Laos is reappearing. Suddenly, the New York Times is full of stories. Suddenly Time and Newsweek are running little maps of Laos with about 7/8th of the territory shaded in red to show that it is controlled by the liberation forces. Any day now, you may turn on your tube looking for good monster flicks and find that JFK's old bosom enemy is clogging all the channels, morose, deeply concerned but calm, and behind him an immense map of Southeast Asia.

Because once again the Amerikan

last year, they have won several important victories, pushing the "neutralists" and their American advisers further and further back. And the American air force has been unable to stop them, even with over 500 B-52 raids a day, even with napalm and phosphorus bombs and defoliation attacks.

The time has come when the New York Times is forced to admit that victory for the Laotian people "seems closer to realization now than ever before." So now they begin to talk about Laos again. Now they begin to explain how the Laotians are a peaceful gentle people who cannot stand up against their enemies (who are also Laotians but for some reason are not peaceful and gentle) without help from the good old US of A. Pretty soon they will probably begin talking about dominoes and carrots and sticks and winning the hearts and minds of the people. They won't make a big deal about the \$2.5 billion Amerikan Businessmen have invested in Southeast



Most of us learned about Laos before we had ever heard of Vietnam. In 1962, there was JFK looming in the TV screen, solemn, harried but steadfast, and behind him an immense map of "Indochina" with a thin dark blob right in the middle: LAOS. And we were told of the dire situation there. We were told that freedom and justice were under attack, that a crisis for democracy and world order was at hand, and that we were strong, we were resolute, we would not falter.

For a few months Laos was in the headlines, with a footnote in the first paragraph clueing people in that "(Laos rhymes with mouse)" so they could talk about it at cocktail parties or at school. And then an agreement was reached in Geneva, with a truce and a neutralist government set up. And we began to forget about Laos. Especially because another country emerged from the formless mass of Indochina, and began to occupy our attention: Vietnam.

Laos pretty much disappeared for seven years. Seven years during which

presence there is threatened. Because the Laotians seem as stubborn as the Vietnamese in refusing to give up the fight and be "pacified".

But it won't do just to pass off the Laotians and the Vietnamese as strange foreign people with an incomprehensible determination to fight. People fight for things that are important to them. That is certainly true of the Americans who are directing our presence in Laos and in Vietnam. The economy of Laos is almost totally absorbed into Amerikan big business, which controls over 80% of nearly 100 leading local businesses and manages to sell \$20 million a year worth of Amerika's goods in Laos while buying only \$1.6 million. This doesn't help the people of Laos very much, but it warms the hearts of the men in Wall Street. And they're the ones who really count when it comes to U.S. foreign policy.

So when Laotians begin to move on things that are important to them -- like land, and food, and independence,

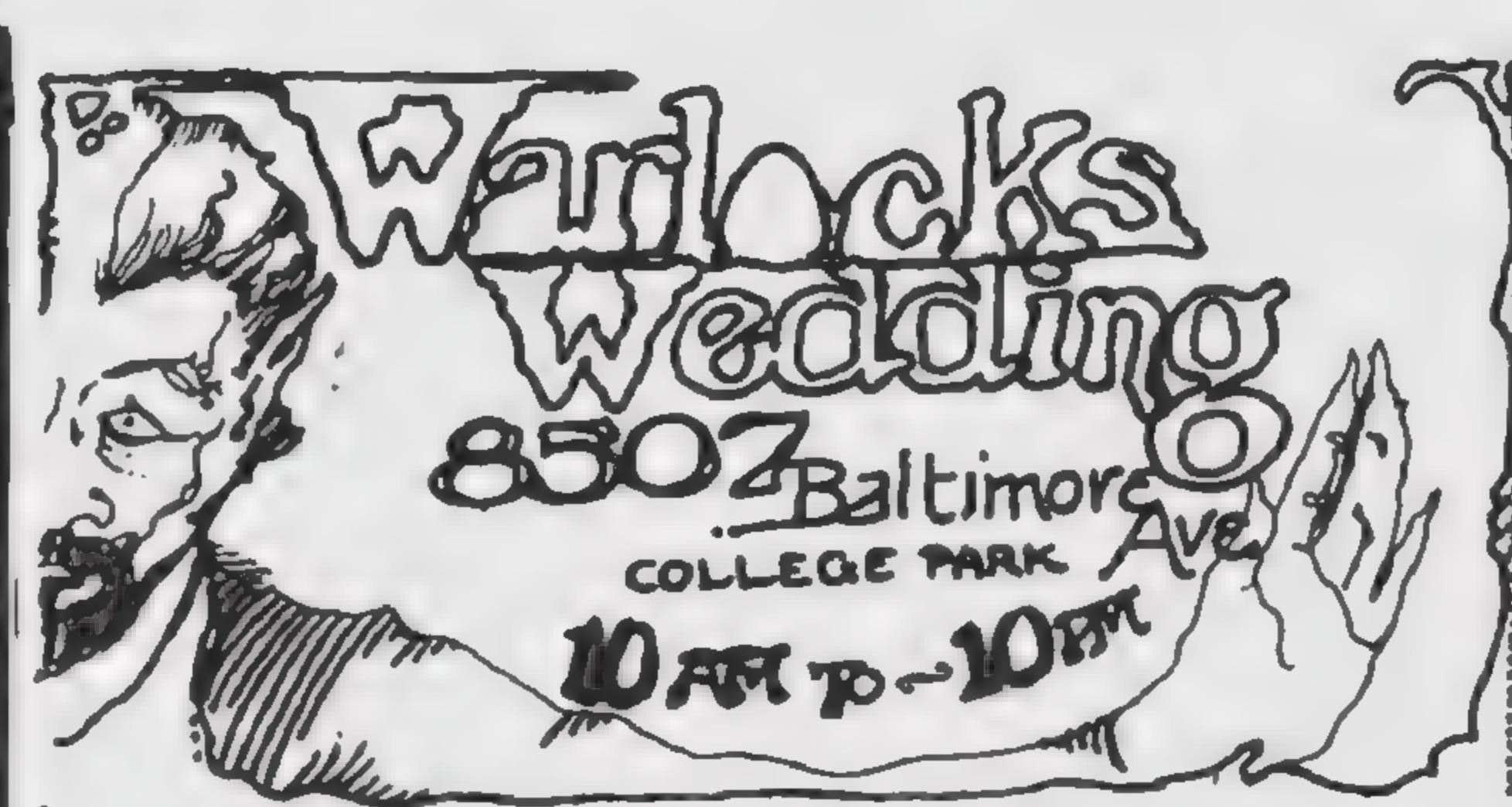
they have to fight for them. Over the Asia or about their plans to "substantially increase" that figure as announced in the Far Eastern Economic Review.

Because it's hard to convince people that they should risk their lives or the lives of their sons and friends for so many dollars worth of investment. So they'll tell us about the plight of democracy and they'll point at the map and show how "our" side is here and the "enemy" is there and we've got to hold that line, no matter what the cost. And that's when we'll have to prove to them that you can't just take people with the same trick over and over. 'Cause we've learned a lot since 1962. A lot more than they have if they still think they can win a war where even the Times admits most of the people either support the other side or aren't interested in fighting, and where the people who they make their allies are big landowners who have traditionally been the hated oppressors of the common people.

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QUEBEC

French speaking terrorists in Quebec bombed the home of the Mayor of Montreal last week. The Mayor said that the house was so badly damaged it would have to be rebuilt.

This bombing is another warning to the English-speaking majority, Canada's ruling class, that French Canadians will no longer be treated as the Amerikan treats the black man.

YEMEN

Armed forces of the Yemen Arab Republic recently captured Sadah, one of the principal cities in the country, from royalist troops. This was the largest city taken from the royalists since the 1967 withdrawal of Egyptian troops who had been aiding the republican government. The reactionary royalists have been trying to regain power since the establishment of a revolutionary republic in 1962.



PHILIPPINES - Hukbalahap guerrillas have gained control of seventeen cities and towns in the Philippine provinces of Pampanga, Turlac, and Nueva Ecija, according to a report by Reuters.

The Huks are a communist liberation force that controlled most of the Central Luzon province and surrounding regions before they were driven underground by American aided Filipino government troops in 1951. They have previously operated primarily in mountainous areas of the Central Luzon areas.

early october

GREECE

Greece is a police state, controlled by the military. Secret police are everywhere. The jails are over-flowing with "enemies of the state." To "spread rumors" is a 5-year rap. To handle the influx of "enemies," three new prison facilities are to be built. Torture is commonplace.

This fascist regime is supported by the US and NATO. Hence, US citizens traveling in the country are an affront to all Greeks fighting for their freedom. And they have made their position clear: if the US continues to aid the fascists, Amerikans in Greece will suffer.

The Greek people continue to battle the military dictatorship: last month the Salonika office of NATO was bombed during NATO maneuvers in the Gulf of Salonika. Long live the Greek people. All power to the people. Z

Oct 6/18

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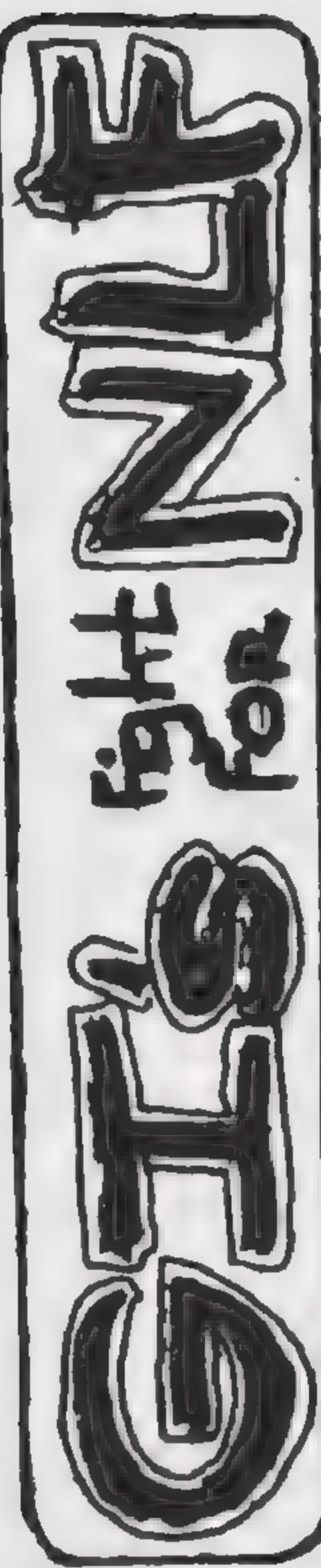
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END OF SEASON SALE

early october



American GI's are joining the military forces of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG). Recent figures quoted in the San Francisco Chronicle show desertions in the field are running at the rate of ten a day.

Those deserters who would rather switch and fight join up with the PRG, bringing with them detailed knowledge of how to work American equipment and how American units operate. There have been reports of misdirected artillery and helicopter fire in the Mekong Delta because deserters used stolen radios to cut in on Army frequencies.

The PRG derives the greatest benefit from the intelligence reports these GI's receive, according to Solidarity, a San Francisco newsletter run by ex-GI's. As long as two years ago the US-Saigon command was astounded

washington free press

that the National Liberation Front would know of B-52 strikes more than 24 hours in advance. It confused them because strike times were never divulged to the Saigon troops. The NLF also found out about attacks flown from Okinawa, Thailand, and Guam.

The majority of the deserters choose to stay in the rear areas so that they will not have to fight their countrymen. But two ex-Marines NLF advisors were killed last April in a patrol skirmish near Phu Bai. Located northeast of Khe Sanh, Phu Bai is the largest US Marine base near the DMZ; it is an extremely important communications base. The Marine Corps was able to identify the two "traitors" but would not release their names.

Some GI's who desert in the field

page 17

do not want to join the liberation forces and merely roam the countryside trying not to get caught. The PRG often helps such persons find housing and food, expecting nothing in return.

According to a June report in the Okinawa Morning Star Journal, there are at least 3,000 AWOL GI's hiding out in Saigon alone. Many recently returned Vietnamese veterans have reported a higher estimate to Solidarity editor Fred Chard—they figure 5,000 to be a more realistic number.

For deserters wishing to leave Vietnam, the PRG offers assistance in reaching countries which do not recognize the tradition of US service deserters, including Sweden, Japan, Cambodia, and Thailand. An estimated 300-500 deserters have received such assistance from the PRG to date.

(LNS)



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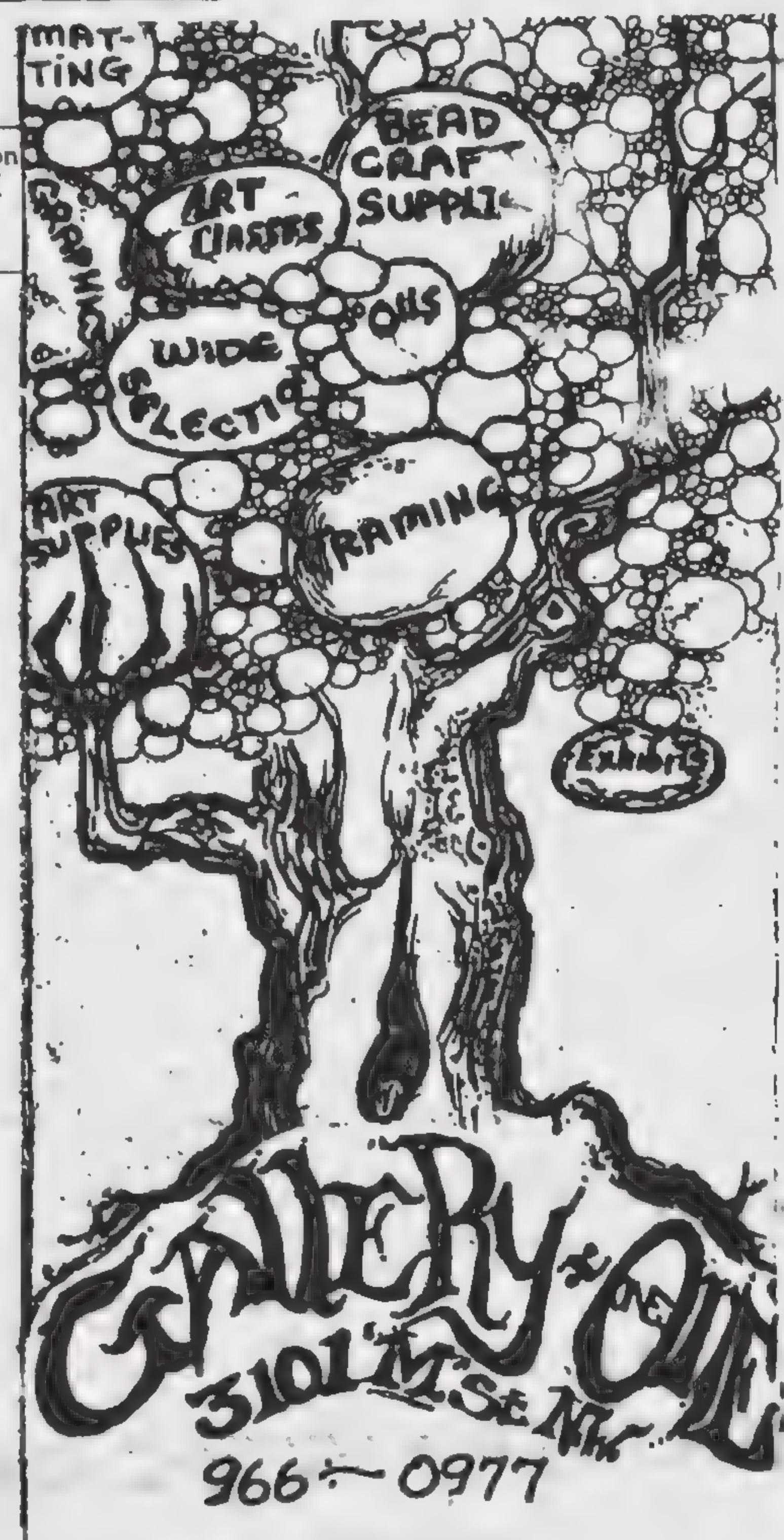
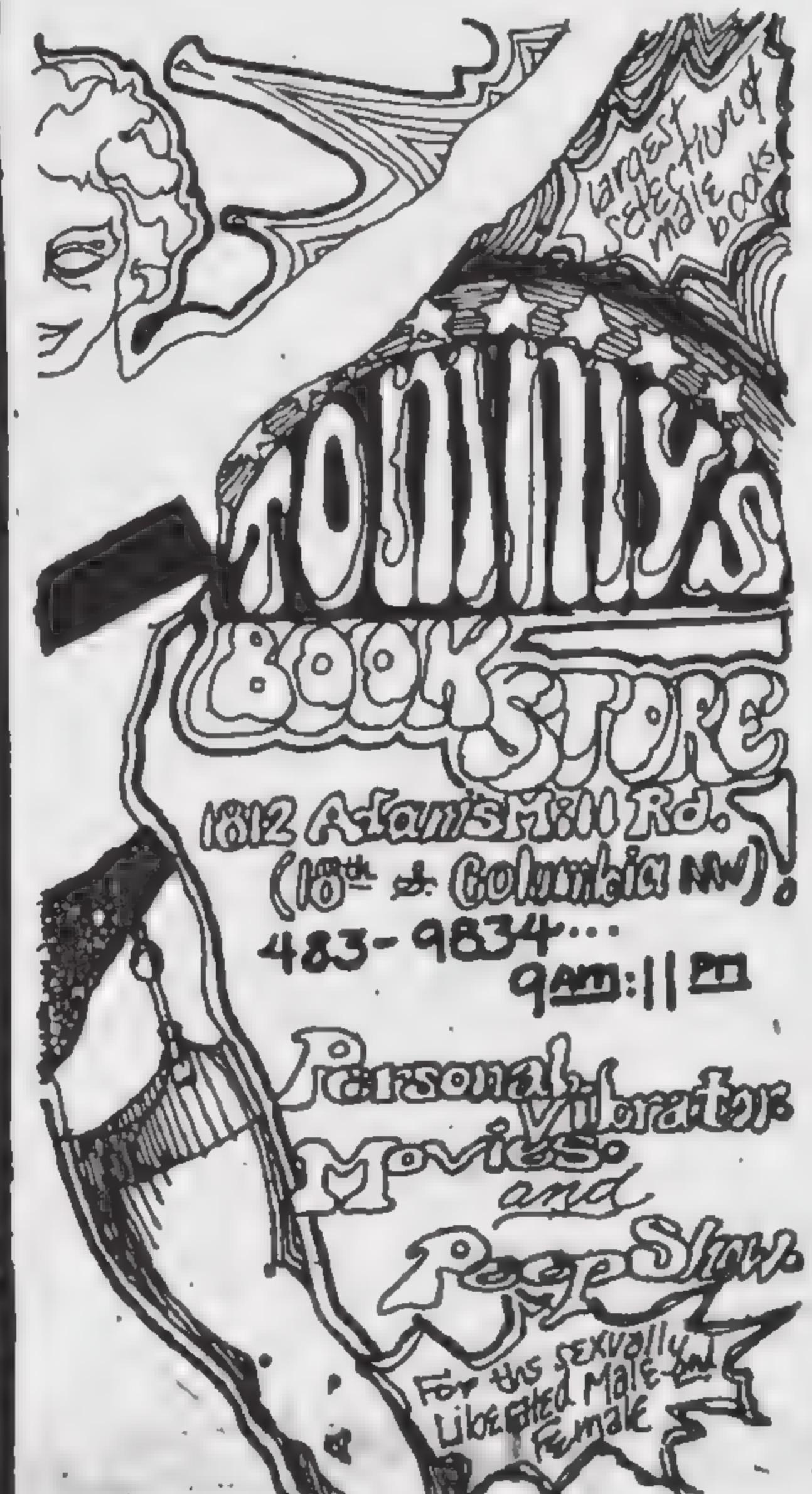


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God Protect America!!

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SIEZY

SNOT COMICS

by R. "WISE-ASS" Crumb



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You face me, my enemy,
And my left eye bleeds
Where you struck me
And cried your immortal words,
"Move, mother-fucker, move."
Your white helmet blinds my one good eye,
And the polished leather of your boots

And your holster
Flash in the glaring sun.
And your stick
Horizontal in both hands,
And I stand,
One,
Unshaven, unshorn,
And I am supposed to forgive you.

Revolution,
I love you,
It makes no difference.
I am still weaponless.
I am still one-eye blind.
Step on me.

Burn me.
Beat me.
Curse me.
I cannot not forget the roar of the crowd,
Nor the flashing pain of your blows,
Or your red face as you . . .
Wisper in my ear,
"I'm gonna get you, motherfucker, I'm gonna get you."

Revolution,
It makes no difference.
Pacifist,
It makes no difference.
Pain knows no slogan.
The crowd yells neither for you or against you,
It merely yells.

I stand with you,
Across from you,
And I am too tired to taunt,
Too weary of revolutions,
Too sore to quibble over politics...

A delicious stamping rebellion...
An ear-aching electronic scream for truth...
The SDS leader smiles in the corner,
His red headband bound tight about his head-
We shatter,
Splatter,
Shake
And fall...
Making sweaty love to the music...
Beneath chairs,
In the halls,
In the grass...
Such is our revolution...

I look at you,
White helmeted,
In the eyes of the world,
And I can neither forgive you
Or spit on you.

Black hair in an abony sun,
Glaring lashes to ashes,
Smiling illegally.
Burning jewess
And gasolined priest
Preying
To each his owned.
I am
Many thousand years of animal.
Stepping on this sea of angry suns...
I am rejecting you...
You are reflecting me...
Cutting my feet on the jagged ends of broken dreams.

Can you love me?
Will you love me?
Please love me...
I am but a hitchhiker in an alien world...
Take me home.
I am not what I thought I was,
I don't know who I am.
And words don't mean enough
So how can you possibly understand me?
God and I are puppets
Pulling each other's strings
In a staged world...

I am the child-man,
He is the animal who screams in the distance.
I am the dancing, dancing
Whirler-twirler,
Tree-maker,
Fire-eater...

He is the animal who screams in the distance
Whispering his fate...
I am the ocean-mother,
The life giver,
The raging prophet-sea...

He is the calm mountain spreading his folly,
In city maneuvers,
In shoreline confrontations...
We meet at the edges...

BY LESLIE KUSHNER

So I have Vent' Out

I.

Crossing the barrier was the hardest. Picking up all the paraphenalia from a thousand years and tossing it in the bonfire was easy... but turning my back on those two faces I had known for too long... and then climbing the wall with their eyes boring into my back, tears streaming down their lidless eyes. . . "lizards lizards, lizards. . . why do you make me climb this treacherous wall, why do you make me love you so much that I have to betray you. . . a voluntary Judas as all Judas' are. . ." I tackled the crumbling wall, pretending it was all for some noble cause and succeeded to catch a massive dose of poison ivy. And so I shall sit now and scratch you a biography . . . listen well and kiss the sores I reveal to you for the sake of their revelation. . .

I don't know who it was that waved from the other shore. . . He was perhaps brown like an Indian with hair that reached to his waist. I think most of all my eyes were caught by the gleaming metal cross at his throat and the crimson tipped sword at his feet. . . He was like a kalidoscope. . . a circus. . . a castle. . I was too far away to see the holes or the shining scars on his arms. . .

His eyes were green like the sea and it was his salty kiss I followed. . .

I am the hellion. . . the betrayer. . . the hated. . . I am the child who is becoming man, and the trees in my weedy garden are but a reflection of my desire to reach the sky, as all my desires are but reflections of nature. Stupid, because I won't use my intelligence. . . my freedom is in my cage, for the sky is there too, and all that ever was - for as hell I am too part of heaven, the betrayer too, the betrayed. I know that now. . . one is not one without the other. . . the battle is all in finding that's that. . . but what war is ever won?

II

We were in the mountains, alone and together. . . Robin, my gentle friend, was writing letters to friends on backs of turtles. I addressing them with our postmark known only as Primeval Blue Ridge. . . The letters we tossed to the licking flames of our open campfire and we laughed at the bold butterfly that settled on our trembling shoulders. . .

And soon was the time of gathering wood and the creep of the snakes. . . they were about us at every angle, there was no escaping their deadly romp. . . we prepared for battle arming ourselves with axes and torches. . . and in the faint eye of the moon we awaited. . . but our anticipation slipped us, and before the snake procession reached our void clearing, we had torn our hair, scattered our ashes and fled to some stain glass city. . . such was our fate. . . such was our inescapable fate. . . an obscure name of a tree trunk. . . scrawled in a foreign hand. . .

III

The snake lifted its head. . . It was in the park, always in the park. . . and you sang some lost Indian songs and played a home-made flute and your eyes curled their poison about me and I swayed to the rhythm that was you. . .

The snake lifted its head. . . spilling long to your shoulders black hair on my pillow. . . it was your hard white belly. . . it was your hard white belly that made me scream, but it was your hard, dark eyes that silenced my everlasting words, The love I have for you is boundless, is forever. . . though all that is left is sweaty sheets and this spinning room, this god-empty spinning room. . . is boundless. . . is forever.

The snake lifted its head. . . the executioner stood on his dirty corner and watched me slowly approach his sacred universe. I took off my shirt and followed him to his place in the country. I tied my shirt around my arm and he shot me with his gun. . . the bullet entered the portals of my brain. . . and when I awoke I was still alive. . . I cursed his filthy names. . . and walked out of his empty marble house. . .

I ran from the hissing. . . down Connecticut Avenue like a scuttling rabbit on the highway. . . Passed the Mexican in the shadows panhandling. . . the burning guitar in the gutter. . . the girl on the steps with the bleeding wrists. . . the screaming bird in the alley. . . the rat eating the cat in the closet . . . I grasped my young companion by her blue arms. . . up the creaking fire escape. . . out the colour crazed window. Floating. . . floating. . . with the snapping at my feet. . . the fragile hero now a mindless blithering fool. . . Down the road. Down the road. . . disappearing in a fury of dust. . .

Two lonely figures on a revolving ball. . . watching for the sunrise on the wrong side of a world - You are a bastard, Mr. Kitzmiller, to have made it. . . it is you who we do not oppose that we should watch. . .

I have been sleeping a long time on this island. . . the air is quite stale, it is too obvious now. . . and though you are paler now, and your hair has tangled in a decade or so of breezes. . perhaps I got too close in my excitement. . . and your eyes may be green tomorrow. . .

IV

The way was clear. . . and when maps failed to reveal our path, we followed the evidence of civilization on the roadside. . . The sky was our faithful companion, never deserting us, betraying us only in the occasional rain that hindered our way. We use to sing songs when we walked. . . songs of our background and what it was we sought. . . But even as we sped on our way I could hear on all sides of us, the scrape of soft white bellies the asphalt road, even occasionally we would see the flickering tongues spread across the sky. . . in California the battle was brewing. . . the rest of the nation was quiet. . . like before a hurricane. . . At times like these my companion and I would face the West ever more determined and pull our hats down over our ears

It was in Texas during our slow tramp that we were stopped and brought before the Holy Council. . . our mock trial was attended by several other generations of degenerates who sat looking at their feet as we stood before the Council naked, and they condemned us for our obscenity. . . We were placed in a small room. . four green officials pasted our bodies with labels. . . they tied rotting chickens around our necks and cut our hair with scissors. . . We sat resigned. . . to our fate. . . When I got out the chair I looked at what had been me on the floor. . . I was a ,adman. . . I looked at my persecutor's face. I never hated anyone that much. . . I spat at his feet. . . They put me in confinement for three days. . . on the fourth day they let us both go. .

We entered the sparkling emerald city. . . as hairless, resigned heroes. . . They gave us weeds at the gates and restuffed our straw. . . I was awful glad to be home. . .

V

The lion stood before me, his great head like some flaming sun. He chewed my ivory neck, his tawny mane flying in the heat. . His eyes were telling me secrets. . . and the water rose to my ankles. . . Still I would not wake and bade the lion put his lying tongue in my mouth, and we lie there for quite a few years tickling each other's throats in the churchyard. . .

Centuries passed. . . and they made statues in stone of us and placed them in front of city libraries. . .

Centuries passed. . . and the spiders weaved miracles around our heads. . .

Centuries passed. . . and the serpent kissed my pale lips with a quick flick of its vermillion tongue. . .

Centuries passed. . . and I stretched my ancient arms and rubbed my lidless eyes. . .

Life at last I understand. . . every detailed minute. . . the flicking tongues that now licked my wounds with salty smiles, the magicians words, the poets' tricks. . . all so very simple. I was babbling idiot. . . burning brain. . . and God. . . I knew all . . . chose my now clear course. . . and went to sleep. . .

VI

I cut the curtain cord with my knife and the curtain fell back in place. . .

VII

The park, always the park, and you, always you, sat. . . I don't think it mattered much that the winos still drank their furry wine. . . the children in the candy store still chose the same candy. . . or that you still played a handmade flute. . . It was all their hair still brushing across my face and though your eyes were brown they were still your eyes. . . that after all you still thought that you could understand me. . . the wounds on our foreheads where the thorns had pinned back our eyelids once, had healed. . . It really doesn't matter what we saw. . .

I am sure we both forgot. . . and I somehow love you too much to ever let you know. . . somewhere up there was a friend who winked an understanding eye. . . and now that you have heard the silence, you will know what I have been saying all along. . .

Lislie Kishner



7404 Baltimore Ave. ~ College Park ~ 277-1322

